

WILL be sold at public auction on MON-
DAY the 27th of August inst, the re-
maining STOCK OF GOODS at the Store
James Keyes in Putney. Terms of sale
credit will be given, with approved
Per order of the Assignee.
P. R. CHANDLER, Agent.
6th, 1838. 49

VERMONT PHENIX.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY
WM. E. RYHER.

THE WEBSTER DINNER.

Boston, July 24, 1838.

have just returned (11 o'clock, P. M.)
from the Great Webster Dinner, given in
Hall, to the Hercules of the Consti-
tution, by the "Mechanics of Boston." And
what an affair it was in every respect; great
Man who was the occasion of the fes-
tivity, and the observed of all obser-
ers; great in the illustrious men, his con-
temporaries and contemporaries who sur-
rounded him in the place of assemblage,
great in the place of assemblage, the
great and the honored "Cradle of A-
merican Liberty," great in the number of
guests (over fifteen hundred,) who assem-
bled to do honor to the MEN and the MAN;
great in the intelligence, worth, and patri-
otism of the guests; great in the perfect order,
economy, and deep-toned feeling of the vast
audience, and the entire absence of excess
of any kind; great in the burning and the
eloquence that was echoed, for
in succession, from the vaults of old
Hall, and re-echoed in tones of
glory and above all, great in the princi-
ples which beat in the hearts of the mighty
men among them, and which are destined,
in distant days, by the simple power of
their own inherent majesty, to tri-
umphant over time, to prostrate misbegotten
misused power, to hurl from their pla-
ces the men who have no sympathies
in common with the people who placed them
there, and to spread the broad eagle
of their protection over the rights, the inter-
ests, the liberties, of this great nation.

Wednesday morning, the 25th.—Thus
last night, in the freshness of my first im-
pressions, I will not add, in the warmth
from drinking wine, for that, tempting
high it was, I in great measure eschew-
ed. On looking over what I have written,
and nothing to retract or modify. On the
other, the half has not been told you,
can be, at least by me. Would that I
could place the great, the exhilarating,
the scene, before you and your readers,
appeared to the actual spectators! I shall
do a better name? At all events, what
name you may call it, I will confess
that, when I surveyed the vast assemblage
they were all seated, and remembered
we were and under what circumstan-
ces and for what cause we were there, some
were forced to the surface by the strong
emotional and almost indefinable emotions
were struggling in my breast. And
there were others there, older men than I,
of the same condemnation, unless I greatly
mistake some very significant motions.
You have been in Faneuil Hall, and need
no description of the edifice. At the ex-
treme end of the Hall, opposite the entrance,
the celebrated platform destined for the
accommodation of the officers and invited
guests which were spread six long tables,
on either side of a wide passage way.
The body of the Hall was filled with twelve
rows, at right angles with the first men-
tioned platform, the platform to the other
end of the edifice. Eight tables more were
set up in the galleries, which, as you
know, are exactly like the galleries of a
church without pews. The company, be-
cause the company entered, was splendid and
amounting to a degree. Fifteen hundred and
eighty plates were laid. The tables
were beautifully set out, and loaded with a
variety of good cheer, both in the solid
and liquid, sufficiently tempting to the
palate of a *bon vivant*, but which
had thrown the vegetable and cold
meat. Dr. Alcott into a perfect fever-fit of
indignation.

Now let you a little into the admi-
nistration of these Boston Yankees.
The procession was formed on the Common
before the State House, at 10 o'clock. A.
The tables were numbered from one to
six. Then, in addition to the en-
tire tickets, there were table tickets, num-
bered to correspond with the tables, and just
as many for each table, as it could accom-
modate. For each table there was a mar-
shal, and every marshal marshalled his
men on the Common. This done,
each occupied about an hour, the process-
ion moved off to the music of an excellent
band, each division with its marshal at the
head, falling into its proper place, and the
line spreading itself out four deep
half a mile in length. It was truly
a imposing spectacle. When those in
the procession reached the entrance of Faneuil Hall,
the whole procession halted till the occu-
pation of table No. 1 had gone in with their
marshal, and quietly seated themselves in
their places. Then the procession moved
and again till the occupants of No. 2
were seated. And this was repeated till
the whole were all in their places, without the
least bustle, uproar, contention, or confusion
of any kind. I defy "all Creation" to do
any thing in "slicker" style, or quite as
And now, Sir, gird your "predilect"
girdle. We are all in the Hall
comfortably seated, every man with his
own inches of space good measure, every
man full of admiration and expectation,
every heart overflowing with kindly
feeling and social joy. Fancy an appropri-
ate somewhat "lengthy" grace at an end,
then to the onslaught! Zounds! What an
assault of knives and forks! What an
contempt of the vegetable diet men in
the huge havoc of the animal kingdom!—
What an uncorking of bottles! What a

generous flow of soul, of lemonade, and of
champagne! What a confused but not un-
musical murmur of conversation, with an
occasional burst of uproarious laughter!—
Imagine this agreeable scene to continue for
half an hour, when tap—tap—tap is heard
on the table of the President of the occasion,
the Hon. Edward Everett, a name endeared
to every American heart, that reverences
genius, learning, taste, and moral worth.
He rises, he speaks, he addresses the vast
concourse of freemen before him, who hang
upon his lips in breathless silence, except
when they rend the air with loud and
hearty shouts of approbation. He turns
to the man whom the people delight to hon-
or,—the man of lofty purpose, of firm re-
solve, of giant intellect. He thanks him in
the name of his fellow-citizens, for the vigi-
lance, the zeal, the fidelity, and the trans-
cendent ability, with which he has served
them. He alludes to the prostrate position
of the Administration of the country, and tells
him that to his sleepless eye and good right
arm they ascribe, in no small degree, its
present inability to do further mischief.
He tells him how warmly his services lie
in the hearts of his neighbors and friends;
how deep the reverence they cherish for his
talents and virtues. "Look," he continues
in a strain of eloquence unsurpassed, "look
at the assemblage of your fellow-citizens
before you. Read their homage in their
beaming eyes, their joyous countenances,
their applauding voices. The bayonets of
Napoleon could not force it; the wealth of
the Indies could not buy it; but they bring it
freely, and lay it at your feet." Who could
resist the power of such a scene? DANIEL
WEBSTER is not the man! He struggled
hard to command,—to repress his emotions.
But he struggled in vain. The tears started
from his eyes, and from many others. The
moral sublimity of that hour and of that
scene no painting, no poetry, no eloquence,
no description whatever, can ever convey to
minds that did not themselves behold it; and
those who did behold it will carry the im-
pression of it to the hour of their dissolution.
The effort which Governor Everett made
yesterday, he can never beat; and if he can-
not, who can? It is no disparagement of the
men who followed him, to assert that, in
taste, finish, classical purity and richness,
and in the charms of a graceful oratory,
none of their efforts came up to his.

Mr. Webster's speech was great—was
he ever otherwise than great. Does a
giant ever fight with straws? No, it is al-
ways a giant's club, though it may not al-
ways be wielded with equal vigor. Mr.
Webster was more than unwell—he was
sick. Nevertheless, his speech was illu-
minated with sallies of wit, with flashes of
eloquence, and with strokes of power, worthy of
his best and most applauded efforts.
There were more than twenty
speeches, by gentlemen from all parts of the
United States. Of these it may be said, in
general terms, that they were all good, most
of them excellent, and many of them gems
of the purest water. But what sublimity,
or rather, what a galaxy! I cannot, without
spinning out my letter too long, even name
the authors of them all; much less give you
an account of what they said. This, indeed,
is the less necessary, as a "chief of a report-
er" was in the gallery, "tak'ing notes, an faith-
ful 'prentice." But there are two or three
that I must single out, and whisper a word
or two in your ear about them. And first of
all, is Prentiss, of Mississippi. This young
man, this stripling from the backwoods, for
such he is yet, is a phenomenon. "He beats
all water." The people about whom Wild-
fire in the play tells such marvelous stories,
are no touch to him. He is a perfect Ni-
agara of words. Like Anthony, "he speaks
right on;" to the tune of no stopping for
any thing. The loudest applause does not detain
him a moment; nor the end of his sentences,
unless he happens to want breath. I never
before saw the man who could get out an equal
number of words in the same time, and
all of them words that "breathe and burn."
Words of power,—words that lead captive all
who hear them,—words, it may be added,
many of them, of deep philosophy and wis-
dom.

Mr. Menifee, also, of Kentucky, a man, if
possible, of still more youthful appearance,
delighted the company with a powerful and
admirable address. Gen. Wilson, the Whig
candidate for Governor in Isaac Hill's state,
drew forth peal after peal of laughter, and
won repeated and rapturous applause, for
more than half an hour, by his wit and elo-
quence. His speech was an allegory through-
out, done, if I may so speak, to admiration.
And yet, to my taste at least, the old Bay
State still carried off the laurel in the person,
or rather in the speech, of her able, her elo-
quent, her statesmanlike, her classical Cush-
ing.
The evening was enlivened by the music
of an excellent band, and by several funny
and patriotic gleees. There was less drink-
ing, far less than ever I saw on any similar
occasion. The most perfect order and good
fellowship, and a generous glow of patriotic
sentiment prevailed throughout the whole
evening. But what raised my admiration to
its height was the manner in which the
company was dismissed. A little be-
fore eleven o'clock, the chief Marshal an-
nounced, as from the Chair, that it was late,
and that, after the singing of a glee, the fes-
tivities would be at an end. The people
heard the glee, gave a few rounds of ap-
plause, and then walked out, and, for all the
world, as if they had been going home from
church. I could not help wishing that cer-
tain great folks in Russia and Austria, and
some from a "lettle" nearer home, had been
there to see. Joking apart, it was a noble
demonstration and illustration of the maj-
esty of the law, and of the power of the self-
governing principles. Happening to-day to

mention my feelings on this point to the
Hon. A. Lawrence, he said he could give
me a still more illustrious example to the
same effect. Forty thousand people, or there-
about assembled on the Common, on the eve-
ning of the Fourth, to witness a display of
fire-works. This took place between eight
and nine o'clock. At 9 1/2 the Common
presented the appearance of an ordinary eve-
ning, neither more nor less. BEAT THAT
WHO CAN!

The hospitality of the Yankees makes
me feel quite at home. The truth is, in its
material and its moral, its houses and in-
habitants, its streets and its spirit, Boston is a
charming place.

PETER PEREGRINE.

SPEECH OF MR. PRENTISS OF MISSISSIPPI, AT THE FANEUIL HALL DINNER, IN HONOR OF MR. WEB- STER, July 24, 1838.

The Hon. George Blake, one of the Vice
Presidents, offered the following toast:—
The state of Mississippi, and her distin-
guished representative in the late Congress
of the United States: we welcome him most
cordially, joyfully in this hall, consecrated by
our Fathers to a Nation's Independence; he
has fought the good fight, he has kept the
faith, and deserves and will receive the ad-
miration and gratitude of his country.

The toast was received with immense and
prolonged cheering, waving of handker-
chiefs and other expressions of welcome and
pleasure. The first part of Mr. Prentiss's
speech was constantly interrupted by the
most violent bursts of applause. At length,
however, the audience discovered that it was
their best way to listen in silence, and Mr.
Prentiss was permitted to go on with only
occasional interruptions.

He spoke as follows:—
Mr. President and Gentlemen—Allow
me to return to you my most sincere and
profound thanks for the honor you have done
to me, and to the State which I have the
good fortune in part to represent. In re-
turning these thanks, I hardly know in
what mode to express myself. It has been
my lot to address bodies of my fellow citi-
zens in various situations and circumstances,
in the halls of Congress and under the
broad canopy of heaven; in populous cities
and in the banks of the mighty rivers of the
West; but never before have such emotions
as I now feel crowded on my soul; for never
before did I hear the echo of my own
voice in old Faneuil Hall.

As I look around, recollections of the
old time throng on me, and I hardly know
whether to address myself to the dim and
dusky shadows of the past, or to the more
joyous, the real and palpable forms which
meet the eye. Old Faneuil Hall! known
throughout the Union as concentrating with-
in its walls the purest and noblest elements
of Republicanism, and Whigism, regarded
all over the world as a sort of political Me-
cca, whence from all places may resort those
anxious to drink in at the fountain head the
pure principles of republican liberty. To
this Mecca I come as a pilgrim, anxious and
ready to do honor to one of the noblest and
most distinguished of its votaries. Every
rafter and piece of timber in this old Hall
seems redolent of patriotism and liberty; and
I would recommend to those troubled with
political diseases, the blind, the halt, the
sore of the political multitude, to come to
this place, which may, indeed, be looked up-
on as a sort of Bethesda for political sins,
and here to be healed. Let them but plunge
in at the happy moment when the angel
troubles the waters, and they assuredly may
come forth pure and fair as when first dis-
missed from the land of nature.

I came as a pilgrim and a stranger, but
being here I am now about to claim some-
what more. I beg you to excuse my egot-
ism in so doing, but I am about to address
you, not only as friends, but as fellow citi-
zens; for I too, claim to be a native of the
Old Bay State. In former times, when
Maine, now almost a match for her foster
mother, sought protection under the wing of
Massachusetts, and constituted a part of the
old Commonwealth, I drew my breath with-
in her limits and under her broad and pro-
tective jurisdiction. But even on higher
ground, I claim this right of fellowship, this
right to address you as fellow citizens. As a
citizen jointly with you, of this broad Union,
I come up in common with you, to pay a
tribute to-day, which we all owe to him who
fights the battles of the Constitution—battles
far greater and more important than the
most tremendous contests of conflicting phys-
ical power. And though I count the dis-
tance to my present home by thousands of
long and weary miles, yet the motives and
feelings which actuate you, are faithfully
re-echoed from the bosoms of my fellow citi-
zens and myself. The safety and happiness
of my State rests on the same broad platform
as yours—that platform pointed out in the
sentence of your illustrious guest, which
now depicted before you, forms so appropri-
ate a motto for the present occasion. (Here
Mr. P. pointed to the sentence from Web-
ster's last speech on the Sub-Treasury Bill,
emblazoned in large letters on the front gal-
lery—"I am where I ever have been and
ever mean to be; here—standing on the
platform of the general constitution, a plat-
form broad enough and firm enough to up-
hold every interest of the whole country—I
shall still be found.")

In the best days of the Roman Republic,
he who saved the life of a citizen, was re-
warded with a civic crown, and the highest
applause of his fellows. To save the life of
a citizen was regarded as the greatest ser-
vice which could be rendered to the State.
But how much greater are the services of
him who saves a Constitution, a Constitution
cheaply purchased by the lives of thousands,
and which would cheaply be preserved by
the lives of tens of thousands!

The present, gentlemen, is no mean occa-
sion; for though in former times, to win the
field in physical battle, was regarded as the
highest achievement of human power and
virtue, in these latter days of superior civiliza-
tion and knowledge it is well understood,
that it requires more moral courage and her-
oic firmness, to fight the civic battles of a
free people, than to carry on the mightiest
conflict of physical warfare, whether on
ocean or land. The adventure which such
a statesman undertakes is the rescue of his
country from despotism, falsehood, and the
corruption of party strife. He buckles on
his armor like one of those heroes recounted
in the fables of knight errantry, and goes
forth to do battle, not a fair and equal bat-
tle, not a foot to foot and hand to hand, a con-
test with a single and open foe, but like that
same knight beset in an enchanted castle,
whose fortitude enables him to meet and
subdue all the nauseous, odious, and dis-
gusting apparitions which the force of mag-
ic conjures up against him. Many a good
knight, who in those ancient stories, never
gave way before the sword of an opponent,
found his nerves failing and himself shrink-
ing from the slimy poison of the reptiles, the
grin of the hyenas, and the roar of the lions,
by which the art of his enemies assailed
him. So in modern times, the statesman
has to contend with the slimy snakes of party,
who seek to crush him in their venomous
folds; with the hyenas of prejudice, and as
we well know it is hardly a metaphor to say
that sometimes a roaring lion meets him full
in his path. In the State of Tennessee at
least such lions have been met and often.

Your public servants, fellow citizens, have
retired from what as you have already been
told by your distinguished guest and others,
has been a most arduous contest. They
cannot indeed boast to have brought back
many trophies of victory, but like the
son of the Spartan mother, who was bid to
bring back his shield or be brought back up-
on it, having gone forth with the broad shield
of the constitution to fight the battles of the
country—in the midst of the contest to this
shield they have held fast, and they at least
can boast, that they have brought it back, to
be in future borne before the country for its
protection and salvation. It is indeed a
fearful and terrible thing in a country pro-
fessing to be governed according to the will
of the people, when those very people cease
to expect any good at the hands of the
constituted authorities, find their greatest
consolation in seeing those authorities de-
prived of the power to do evil. Such, how-
ever, is our case, and I appeal to you, when-
ever, when the final adjournment of Con-
gress was announced, you did not feel as
though an incubus were removed from your
breasts, in the consciousness that you were
at liberty for the ensuing six months to pur-
sue your various vocations, unmolested by
the course of the administration, their
proposed and acknowledged course, in leav-
ing the people in the lurch, while their con-
cern was exhausted in providing for the
safety of the government, may be justly com-
pared to the conduct of the officers and crew,
who, in the moment of danger should stow
away in the ship's boat the best of the stores
and provisions, and cutting adrift should
leave the deserted and unhappy passengers to
shift for themselves. Some little sym-
pathy they did express it is true, for the suffer-
ings of the people but they were awakened
to those sufferings only when the disasters
of the country began to be followed by em-
ptiness in the Treasury. Like Don Juan's
reckless and wicked sailors.

They grieved for those who perished in the
cutting.
But principally for the bread and butter.
They did indeed experience some com-
punctions for the sufferings of the people,
but it was only when the skinny finger of
adversity began to be pointed at them; when
the empty pockets of the office hold-
ers no longer jingled with the favorite pur-
ses of gold and silver; when the govern-
ment ran low, when the lank and hungry
hounds of the palace growled at the absence
of their daily food, then it was that some
feelings of sympathy for the sufferings of the
people began to be felt.

This idea of saving the government and
leaving the people to shift as they can, does
not correspond with my notions. If in con-
sequence of the schemes adopted by an ad-
ministration to prosper themselves at the ex-
pense of the people, the country must go
down. Heaven grant that in such a case,
it may at least go down, head foremost—ad-
ministration first!

Fellow citizens. I sincerely believe, that
never since the sun shone on this green
earth has there existed an administration up-
on the face of it, so utterly regardless of the
interests of the people; nor do I believe that
in any other country situated as ours was,
which unvisited by war, pestilence, famine,
or other natural disaster, should suddenly
by the acts of the government be plunged in-
to such deep distress, the event would have
happened without civil commotion.—Even
in despotic Turkey, if by some sudden
man, the country had been thrown compara-
tively as far back, as ours has been in the
last two years, the Sultan who issued it,
would be apt to sleep the next morning in
the Bosphorus, his neck marked by his own
boasting.

The Representatives of the people have
indeed been engaged in a fearful and ter-
rible conflict, and they have returned to in-
voke the aid of a stronger arm, that of the
people themselves, for the still more terrible
contest that is yet to be fought. For though
the troops of the administration have been
beaten and repulsed, like the squadrons of
the desert, they yield, and fly only in the
hope to form again, and return to the con-
flict with redoubled vigor. Not that I have
any fears of the passage of any Sub Treas-

ury Bill; that scheme is too justly odious
and too universally scouted. Indeed it seems
to me to judge from their conduct in relation
to this matter, that Providence in its mercy
had made the administration mad, and in-
spired them to propose this fatal project as a
means of their own destruction. Even now,
as I understand, they have just issued a new
bulletin, in which the black flag is nailed to
the mast, and their determination avowed,
with the Sub Treasury to sink or swim.—a
procedure which reminds me of a story that
I read in my school-boy days, I think in
the classics, which describes a simpleton,
who, in the midst of a storm, overcome by
the terrors of impending shipwreck, tied
himself to an anchor, in order that when the
ship went down, he might still safely float
on the surface! The administration will
find that in clinging to the Sub-Treasury
scheme, they have tied themselves to an an-
chor, and may the genius of gravitation smile
over their descent, and no bubble rise to tell
their fate!

You have been pleased to say, or to join
rather with your applause in the sentiment
of the gentleman who spoke of me as hav-
ing fought the good fight. I desire to ex-
press to you my heartfelt satisfaction that the
intelligence of this community, so readily
perceived the inroad attempted to be made
upon their liberties, in common with the
liberties of the whole country, by the foul
and infamous decision of the House of Rep-
resentatives—for I make it a habit to speak
honestly, openly and decidedly; I say the
foul and infamous decision in regard to the
Mississippi election. Had the attack suc-
ceeded, one of the fundamental principles of
the constitution would have been violated
and destroyed. On those great fundamental
principles every thing depends, and yet they
are too frequently regarded as mere abstrac-
tions, we are too apt to neglect them and
leave them unguarded, under the idea that
no audacity will venture to attack them.—
Such a principle is the elective franchise,
the very palladium of the constitution; and
had the people of Mississippi submitted to
the attempt of the federal government, to de-
prive them of it, I should have despaired of
the Republic; not a single principle of the
constitution would have been worth a straw.
When we look back and see this bright gem
of our common rights so nearly stolen away,
are we not strenuously called upon, is not
every citizen of the country strenuously cal-
led upon to keep an untiring and never ceas-
ing watch, against like insidious attempts
against the great fundamental principles of
our dearest rights and liberties.

Let us look now at the great battle which
is raging, and see if I do not tell you true,
when I say that every patriot ought like the
minute men of the revolution, to keep con-
stantly ready to do battle at a moment's
warning. One great plan of the enemy is
to array one class of society against another.
They hold that there is a natural, and
that there ought to be a perpetual hostility
between the poor and rich;—as if in this
country all classes were not mutually de-
pendent on each other, as in the busy hive,
when those who return laden impart their
stores, and those who are empty, have only
to go forth to return laden. I have observ-
ed in the part of the country whence I come,
that the now most prosperous, honored and
wealthy, are those who commenced their
course with no fortune but their hands, their
industry, and their enterprising spirit. Let
this imaginary line which divides the rich
from the poor be at any moment drawn, and
how many seconds would it be before hun-
dreds would have passed it on the one side
and perhaps thousands on the other?

Another great scheme of the present Ad-
ministration and those who supported it, is,
to excite sectional jealousies, and thus to
bring about disunion among those, whom
God himself has united, and whom man by
works of art is every day binding more and
more together; to array the North against
the South, and the East against the West,
and thus produce irreconcilable differences
among brethren. Though the differ-
ences of interests, manners and customs,
yet when we coolly reflect upon many
more, and most important things in common
between us, surely, it is only those who look
upon the dark side only of the picture, who
are not convinced that all parts of the coun-
try are becoming every day more and more
closely united and bound together. The
handicraft of the mechanic has been more,
perhaps, and already does more to bind the
Union together as with hooks of steel, than
even the Constitution itself. Look at the
steamboats which daily and hourly like huge
leviathans, make the waters of the Missis-
sippi and its tributaries boil like a pot, and
keep up so constant, rapid and comfortable
an intercourse between the most distant sec-
tions of the country. Look at the railroads,
whose cars like fiery furnaces, outstrip the
swiftness of the wind,—and yet with all their
rapidity, need no other stimulus than water,
conveying from quarter to quarter the in-
telligence, sentiments and feelings of the citi-
zens, as well as the products of the land!—
What shall we say to the projects of those
who would sever the Mississippi into frag-
ments, like so many separate and stagnant
pools, and who would cut off the railroads
as they pass from one State to another, by
impassable barriers? Is this the state of
things we want? No! the proudest boast
of an American citizen is the Union under
which he lives, and the proudest efforts
of our distinguished guest, are those which
have taught the people that their highest in-
terest is in maintaining the Union! Let it
be held together for fifty years longer, and
I defy party strife or factions to sever us.—
Now is the time to labor for the preserva-
tion of the Union, and even already the in-
ternal improvements which in the end will
make it invulnerable, afford to the sons of
Massachusetts the means to carry with them,

all over the land till the 27th of August
ciples, and love of good PALM LEAF
have ever been act any time, between this
dressing you upon JOHN R. CHANDLER.

ICE.

The Assignees of the estate of the late
of feeling, calculated most by settled previous
pet the attempts of wicked men. Particular
them that their interests are dissi-
can only be furthered by disunion: a agent,
the common ship in which we are em-
ed, and of whose safe arrival at her desti-
port we ought to entertain no doubt, were all
ready gone to pieces, and our great object
ought to be to choke each other from the
floating planks, and even at the expense of
each other's safety, to preserve ourselves and
gain the shore!

Such are the doctrines openly avowed by
some of the most strenuous supporters of the
administration; but fortunately the time is
close at hand when the people instead of
longer pursuing a mere will-of-the-wisp
which when attained, degenerates into a dis-
gusting muddle, shall see rising before them
the steady and glorious light of the
constitution, pouring out the support of the
Union and of the great situations of our
common country, the true source of real and
permanent prosperity. It is a mistake to
suppose that we hold these institutions as
our own, to be disposed of at our own plea-
sure, as we might sell an ox or an ass in the
shambles. No!—there are others, ten thou-
sand generations, yet to emerge from the
stream of time, already awaiting with an-
xious hearts and expectant hands the legacy
of our fathers and theirs;—for though in
our institutions themselves are so; they are
their looms which as we received them from
our fathers, we are bound to transmit to our
children. That man would be a traitor both
to his fathers and his posterity who would
suffer the principles of those institutions,
while in his hands, to be sullied or impaired!

Fellow citizens, I have detained you a
thousand times longer than I intended to do;
but I cannot take my seat without saying a
word touching the old State of Massachu-
setts. Among all the States there is not one
so well deserving the compliment of the con-
sistency, and uniform high mindedness as
she. Whether right or wrong, whether on
this side or on that, with a conscious-
ness that she thought herself right, and
with the good sense always to chose for her
rulers her best and wisest men, she has ever
stood firm and unshaken.

Among the faithful faithful only she:
Gentlemen, I will weary your patience and
my powers no longer. I propose to you:

The Old Commonwealth of Massachusetts:
First among the States in the formation of
this Republic—second to none in the ability,
integrity and patriotism which she has al-
ways contributed to sustain it.

DO YOU REMEMBER THEM.

Free and favored reader—while you, la-
boring in your field, your shop, your house,
or even at rest in your most cool and com-
fortable retreat, experience at this season a
degree of pressure from our comparatively
mild climate—are you often reminded of the
poor slave upon the sultry plains and amidst
the steamy swamps of the South, called
forth at dawn from the long, long day, to
bitter toil for which no compensation a-
waits him? The merciless driver is be-
hind him—do the scorching rays the sul-
try damps oppress him and overcome his
vigor? Is he exhausted by toil and faint
from want of food? Is he sick, or is he in-
firm with age? He may not slack his labors
nor seek a moment's respite; if he does, the
cruel bloody scourge quickly gashes that
back and those limbs scorched by the rays
and sore with toils! Think, favored read-
er! think, while you are favored as you are,
that thousands, hundreds of thousands,
of your sex, in your country, are, this day,
thus driven forth to the labours of the scor-
ching, sultry fields, to toil the live long day
beneath the uplifted lash! And if, from
sickness or weariness they faint, still they
must labor on, or suffer the tortures of the
lacerating scourge. Think, ye who are
mothers! think of others there, toiling in
the field, with the burden of their offspring
bound upon them, forced by the lash to
keep up with the less encumbered slave;
or else they are compelled to leave their
helpless babes in their wretched huts, mate-
dured, during the many hours of their neces-
sary labors.

Do you indeed remember them, free and
favored readers? Do you remember them,
Christian readers? They are not allowed
to read the precious Bible—they are not al-
lowed to worship God at a family altar, if
they can learn how to worship him, unless
it should please the master or driver, who
is more likely to be a wicked tyrant than a
lover of prayer.

Remember them. They are 'in bonds'
—remember them as bound with them.
Remember them at your family altars, at
your social and public meetings, and in your
closets. Remember them on the fourth of
July now at hand. Remember them, while
there is access by prayer, to a throne of mercy
and a throne of power. Almighty!
Remember them, while there is efficacy in
the promulgation of truth, for the suppres-
sion of iniquity.—Morrish Star.

HORRIBLE DEATH.—A Mr. Latimer,
formerly of Ohio City, who was employed
in an Ashery at Painesville, O., fell from a
ladder into a cauldron kettle nearly filled
with boiling lye. He lingered two days
in torture, when his sufferings were ter-
minated with his life on the 28th ult.